

# SONG

OF

## Crocker's Iowa Brigade.

AIR: "*Benny Havens, O!*"



SUNG FIRST AT THEIR THIRD REUNION AT IOWA  
CITY, IOWA, SEPTEMBER 23 AND 24, 1885,

AND BY THE BRIGADE AT THEIR FIFTH REUNION  
AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, SEPTEMBER 18 AND 19, 1889.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

GIBSON BROS., PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS.  
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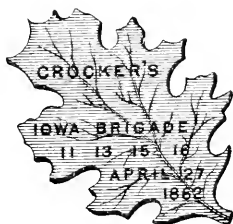
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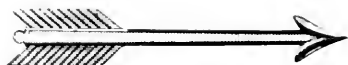
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*The words, with the exception of verses six and seven, by General Belknap.*

*Verses six and seven by Major H. C. McArthur of the 15th Iowa.*

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## SONG OF CROCKER'S IOWA BRIGADE.

AIR: "*Benny Havens, O!*"

### I

Hurrah! for our four Regiments!  
 Hurrah! for Crocker's Boys!  
 We'll cheer them and we'll shout for them  
 Aloud, with joyful noise.  
 We'll sing the songs of our brigade,  
 And our own bugles' blow  
 Until we're ordered in, at taps,  
 To Benny Havens, O!

CHORUS: Oh! Benny Havens, O! Oh! Benny Havens, O!  
 Until we're ordered in, at taps,  
 To Benny Havens, O!

### 2

In memory of our Crocker,  
 We drop the soldier's tear:  
 And tell our children of his name—  
 A name we all revere,  
 As the winds of Western Iowa  
 Across the Prairies blow  
 They'll bear the story of his fame  
 To Benny Havens, O!

The Colonels of our old Brigade  
 Are not forgotten now ;  
 They swore to do their duty well,  
 And always kept their vow.  
 Hall was a gallant soldier ;  
 Reid never cared for show ;  
 But in a fight, fought for the right,  
 And Benny Havens, O !

Chambers and Hare have from us  
 Our greetings when we meet ;  
 And may Shane's life be full of joy,  
 And peaceful at retreat.  
 We send to Abercrombie  
 Kind words as on we go ;  
 And make Ad. Sanders feel as big  
 As Benny Havens, O !

Here's to gallant General Hedrick—  
 He was badly shot, you know ;  
 Atlanta's fight found him in front,  
 Where he would always go.  
 And when we marched on Washington,  
 Where we were glad to go,  
 We found him drinking iced champagne  
 With Benny Havens, O !

Oh ! here's to General Belknap—  
 Our leader tried and true ;  
 As brave as any lion  
 When there was work to do.  
 So, when his labors ended,  
 And he is called to go,  
 He'll find his name enrolled with ours  
 And Benny Havens, O !\*

Then cheer on cheer for Belknap,  
 The Bully Boy you know,  
 Who jerked a "Reb" across the works  
 In a way that wasn't slow.  
 When we march up to Heaven,  
 Where we all hope to go,  
 We'll pitch his tent in camp with us  
 And Benny Havens, O!\*

The Bummers were a lively lot.  
 You should have seen them then ;  
 Each morning they were fifty strong,  
 Each night two hundred men ;  
 And when they heard of first-class pork  
 How fast their ranks would grow—  
 Of men who gobbled grub for us  
 And Benny Havens, O !

Dad Kneiss of the Eleventh  
 Was always hard to beat ;  
 He loved to forage for the boys  
 When they were out of meat ;  
 He dug out sweet potatoes  
 With his bayonet for a hoe,  
 And cooked them on a stove he stole  
 From Benny Havens, O !

The Thirteenth bragged on Limber Jim,  
 And on Abijah Cox—  
 Who were sharp as any bummers,  
 And as cunning as the fox.  
 They captured hams and sausages,  
 And roosters that would crow ;  
 And kept the camp awake all night  
 With Benny Havens, O !

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\* This verse inscribed by H. C. McArthur.

Dave Hornbaker and Bill Cockayne  
 The Fifteenth will remember,  
 On that cold Christmas march we made  
 To Redbone in December.  
 They grabbed the chickens from their roosts,  
 And dressed them in the snow ;  
 And, when they ate them, left but bones  
 For Benny Havens, O !

What fellow in the Sixteenth  
 Has forgotten old Al. Mix,  
 Who, when the rebels chased him back,  
 Put in his biggest licks ?  
 His chickens were all yellow-legs,  
 He knew where good things grow,  
 And always got the very best  
 For Benny Havens, O !

On skirmish line in rifle pits,  
 Our soldiers fighting fell :  
 Of mingled dead of rank and file  
 True history will tell.  
 Eleventh's Foster always went  
 Where any man could go,  
 And with him Walker joined the ranks  
 Of Benny Havens, O !

The men who carried the musket,  
 The men who won the fight,  
 They faltered not, but bravely stood  
 In ranks by day and night.  
 They bore our glorious banner  
 Before a daring foe  
 That yielded to the Stars and Stripes  
 Of Benny Havens, O !



The Adjutants of our Brigade—  
 God bless them all we say ;  
 For when they made their details out  
 To hear was to obey.  
 And when they marched on Dress Parade  
 And stood us in a row.  
 We surely thought them twice as big  
 As Benny Havens. O !

Cadle in Alabama dwells,  
 And Candee in the West ;  
 Myer and Anson don't respond--  
 Are they at Parade Rest ?  
 Lawrence and Stidger are not here—  
 Their orders came to go ;  
 We'll meet them at our last tattoo  
 With Benny Havens. O !

Kinsman now works for Uncle Sam.  
 Rood in Mount Vernon dwells ;  
 Wilson in Jasper runs a bank,  
 And Clark insurance tells ;  
 King, as Presiding Elder, waits  
 For Gabriel's trump to blow ;  
 And Pomutz has passed in his checks  
 To Benny Havens. O !

The fighting Fourth Division  
 Was never known to yield ;  
 Brave Gresham fell far in the front  
 On fierce Atlanta's field.  
 Smith sought the midst of battle  
 With his face toward the foe ;  
 McArthur's Scotch cap waved us on  
 To Benny Havens. O !

The Thirty-Second Illinois  
 Marched with us to the sea  
 In Sixty-four and Sixty-five,  
 Those years of Jubilee.  
 First Minnesota Battery,  
 How quick your shots would go  
 To tell the Rebs that we were there,  
 With Benny Havens, O!

We remember our McPherson—  
 Brave, gallant, through and through;  
 Whose memory is sacred  
 To all the Boys in Blue.  
 Blair was a noble soldier,  
 Beloved by friend and foe:  
 We'll ne'er forget them when we sing  
 Of Benny Havens, O!

Hurrah for General Sherman,  
 Our gallant old "Tecump;"  
 He whooped us up when on a march  
 And made the rebels "hump."  
 From Vicksburg to Savannah  
 He fought and flanked them so,  
 They thought it was the very Devil  
 With Benny Havens, O!

Here's to our great Commander—  
 Victorious U. S. Grant,  
 Who, when he moved upon their works,  
 Had no such word as "can't."  
 God bless the grand old hero  
 Wherever he may go,  
 And bring him safely home at last  
 To Benny Havens, O!

Hurrah for Hickenlooper,  
 Our gallant Engineer,  
 Who, when the boys "would whoop her" up,  
 Knew no such word as fear.  
 He built our bridges, cut our roads,  
 And told us where to go ;  
 And now he'll blaze the way for us  
 To Benny Havens, O !

The marches of our army  
 We never can forget,  
 In mud and dust, and heat and snow,  
 And weather dry and wet.  
 And when the cavalry rushed back  
 And made their usual blow,  
 We knew there was a fight ahead  
 For Benny Havens, O !

The Doctors came at sick-call,  
 And did their work up brown,  
 With sweet blue mass and Epsom salts  
 To wash the quinine down.  
 With "*spiritus frumenti*"  
 They soothed the soldier's woe.  
 O ! how they'd love to saw the bones  
 Of Benny Havens, O !

They say all Quartermasters  
 Look out for number one ;  
 But when we shouted "sow belly"  
 They knew work must be done.  
 Dick Cadle, Ragsdale, Little Hope—  
 We blessed with words of woe ;  
 But now wish them and Higley well  
 With Benny Havens, O !

The Sutler watched for pay-day—  
 Then he was always found ;  
 For when the greenbacks were paid out  
 The Sutler was around.  
 But when the boys went for him  
 His heart would fill with woe  
 To see the cheese get up and walk  
 To Benny Havens, O !

Here's to the Army Mule, my boys,  
 Its deeds the teamsters tell ;  
 For when they cracked their whips and swore  
 He did his work like——well !  
 We corduroyed the roads with rails,  
 And he'd get up and go,  
 And pull the hard tack through for us  
 And Benny Havens, O !

“ Right dress, there, Corporal Slonaker,  
 You're worse than any mule ;  
 You haven't dressed up on the right,  
 You've acted the plumb fool.”  
 Brave Throcky said : “ My time was out ;  
 They would not let me go ;  
 I'll stay now till they shoot me out  
 With Benny Havens, O ! ”

When we were at Lake Providence  
 Capt. Reid was an M. D.,  
 The darkies called him Doctor,  
 And his advice was free,  
 He physicked them for all disease,  
 And made their big tears flow ;  
 And sent them, full of castor oil,  
 To Benny Havens, O !

Here's to our fallen comrades,  
 That brave, heroic band,  
 Who fought and fell on Southern fields  
 To save this lovely land.  
 They've crossed the gloomy river,  
 They're free from care and woe ;  
 Encamped on Heaven's peaceful plains  
 With Benny Havens, O !

Here's to our wives and sweethearts—  
 God bless you, dear old girls !  
 Your children are our jewels,  
 Richer than gems or pearls,  
 Your dear arms were around us,  
 'Twas hard for us to go.  
 Come ! kiss us now for Auld Lang Syne  
 And Benny Havens, O !

Whatever be our fortunes,  
 Wherever we may be,  
 We'll stand up for our country's flag—  
 The flag of liberty,  
 Unfurl it to the breezes  
 Wherever it may blow,  
 And let no hand profane the flag  
 Of Benny Havens, O !

And now the war is over,  
 Kind Heaven has been benign,  
 With grateful hearts we all recall  
 The days of "Auld Lang Syne."  
 Then pack your knapsacks, comrades,  
 The trumpet soon will blow ;  
 Be ready for our final march  
 To Benny Havens, O !





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